Countdown

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Countdown

by sourweather

Summary

Everyone has a timer above their heads that they can't see, counting down to the moment they meet their soulmate. Nigel is sure that something has gone wrong with his and Gabi's timers, though.

Notes

idk i just like. soul mate aus <3

See the end of the work for more notes

It wasn't that Nigel didn't believe in destiny. He believed, whole-fucking-heartedly, in destiny. That everything happened for a reason, and that everyone was made for someone.

It was just that, in this particular case, he was convinced that destiny was simply fucking wrong.

All those days he spent laid up in that shithole apartment in Bucharest, all those hours pining after that siren playing music down in the street below. He'd never been more sure of anything than he was of this. That when he finally staggered out of that room and onto the corner, he'd see her and her timer would click down to zero. It had to be. She'd saved his life, of course she was his soul mate. His destiny.

The idea of her, of his soul mate, was the only thing that got him through the agony. He'd lie there, clutching at his ruined side, and imagine the future they would have together. Her wedding dress, the house he'd buy for her, what they'd name their kids. He had it all worked out by the time he recovered.

And then he left that building, and sought her out, and her timer just kept ticking. Nowhere fucking near zero. Still in the hundreds of millions, in fact. Years.

And he knew, he just *knew* that in this one instance, destiny had fucked up. Because Gabi Ibanescu was his soul mate.

So he'd gone after her anyway. Spat in the universe's face and loved her with all his heart and soul. He never asked her what his own timer said. He didn't care, he'd already decided that she was the one.

That wasn't the entire reason he couldn't ask her, though. There was a certain look in her eyes, whenever he told her that he loved her. A pain, a pity. Like his timer was at zero and she knew damn well that hers wasn't. Like she was Nigel's soul mate but he wasn't hers.

He held it together for as long as he could, but she left him anyway. And by the time he managed to fight his way back to her, it was too late. Nigel saw his Gabi standing in the alley, American prick at her side, with a neat little zero hovering over her head.

Nigel lost it. Truly, properly fucking lost it. He'd been ready to burn the world down for her, and she knew it.

He didn't know what to do with himself when those five fucking words left her lips.

"You still have time, Nigel."

He'd stared at her, gun in his hand, and tried to make sense of what she'd said. "No, baby," he'd insisted. "There's never been anybody else, you're the only one for me."

Gabi shook her head, tears in her eyes, and had the nerve to smile. "I was never really yours."

Nigel opened his mouth to speak. To accuse, to deny, to beg. Gabi spoke first.

"Twenty-five million seconds," she told him. "Not even a year. You can wait that long, can't you?"

He was crying, hated the fact that he was fucking crying. "I already waited, Gabi. All my life. For you."

There was that face again. That pain, that pity. "Go, Nigel. Before the cops find you."

It was the last thing she ever said to him. On the better nights, the ones where he was too drunk to think clearly, he saw it as a sign that she still loved him, at least too much to see him kill himself over her. On the worse nights, he wished she'd let him.

But he managed. Time kept moving, taking him along with it. Seconds kept passing, though he tried to ignore it. He'd never been so glad that he couldn't see his own timer. Nigel didn't want to see it, didn't want to think about giving his heart up to someone all over again. He was finished. Finished with destiny, finished with love, finished with all that shit.

He stopped licking his own wounded pride, tried to pick himself up and make something out of himself again. He'd been somebody before Gabi, he could be someone again. Someone lonely, maybe, and jaded, but someone.

It was five-thirty, give or take, on a rainy Tuesday afternoon. Ordinarily, he'd be driving to the club, but his piece of shit Charger was in the shop again, and he wasn't about to walk in the rain. So, the bus it was.

As soon as he stepped on, Nigel knew that something was up. Several passengers snapped their head in his direction when the doors opened, staring at him like he'd grown a second fucking head. He glared at one of them, and noticed her eyes flicking just above his head before darting back down. Bad hair day, maybe. He ran his fingers through it, trying to shrug off the feeling that he was being watched.

As he moved toward the back of the bus, though, the energy among the passengers only seemed to turn stranger. More people looked at him, wide-eyed, before quickly looking away.

He realized all at once that the people averting their eyes always looked at the same spot, just above his head. He glanced around, a mounting sense of panic rising in his gut. No, he's not fucking ready. Not after what happened in Bucharest. He needed to get off of this God damned bus, *now*. He moved to reach for the signal cord—

"Why is everyone staring at me?! Leave me alone!"

The voice was high, distressed, and coming from right behind him. Nigel didn't even have a chance to brace himself before a small weight crashed into his back, almost knocking him off his feet. He turned, instinctively, and the stranger turned, too.

"I'm sorry, I didn't see—"

Tick.

Nigel barely even gets to see the one above the other man's head before it's ticking smoothly down to zero. It's silent, just like everyone else's timers, but Nigel swears he hears a bell ring in his skull. Time's up.

For both of them.

And Nigel wants to do what he's been doing for years. To tell destiny that it's got this all wrong. He can't make himself look away, though. Not when there's an angel right in front of him.

Blue. Big, sparkling blue eyes. They look at Nigel's shirt, then his forehead, and then, finally, just a bit higher.

His pretty pink lips part, just so, and his cheeks flush red.

"*Oh.*"

He can't help but chuckle. Understatement of the fucking century. His soul mate smiles, sweet and shy, and Nigel decides all at once that he's willing to give destiny the benefit of the doubt, after all.

"Hello, gorgeous."

End Notes

thanks so much to all my rain drops for your support!

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